

Another Round of Gwent

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/37193083) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/37193083>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Fandoms:	Wiedźmin The Witcher - All Media Types , Wiedźmin The Witcher (Video Game)
Characters:	Zoltan Chivay , Priscilla (The Witcher) , Geralt z Rivii Geralt of Rivia
Additional Tags:	Gwent (The Witcher) , Post-The Witcher 3: Wild Hunt , Friendship , Rosemary and Thyme Chameleon (The Witcher) , Quest: Carnal Sins (The Witcher 3: Wild Hunt) , Quest: A Dangerous Game (The Witcher 3: Wild Hunt) , just buddies playing gwent
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-02-17 Words: 1,072 Chapters: 1/1

Another Round of Gwent

by [Ctrl_alt_em](#)

Summary

His choices were clear: stay at the party and make polite conversation or sneak up stairs with his favorite trobairitz and witcher and play gwent. He grabbed a bottle of Mahakam mead and made his way across the room.

Notes

I love Priscilla and I enjoyed playing gwent with her and Zoltan. After the events of Carnal Sins, she deserves a nice time and good company. I imagine those events effected her mentally as well as physically for long after. She's probably not as comfortable around people as she once was. Zoltan notices this and decides to be a good friend.

This takes place an indiscernible amount of time after the Witcher 3.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Zoltan leaned against the bar as the party continued. When he agreed to go into business with Dandelion, he had a good idea of what he was getting himself into. He also knew his prior financial troubles didn't leave him much room to be picky, but regardless. Dandelion had proved to have a good head for business on his shoulders and a good head in general too. Priscilla had been invaluable to the Chameleon and, he knew, to Dandelion.

Priscilla hadn't quite been the same since her attack. Before she was conversation, relaxed, and to be the center of attention. She could command a stage like few could. Now, she was more withdrawn, nervous around others. He knew she hated how damaged her voice still sounded and rarely went out unaccompanied. Zoltan hated to see how one bastard could dim a light as bright as Priscilla's.

Zoltan spotted her near the back, away from the crowds. Next to her was Geralt. Geralt had never been much of a people person before and Zoltan was pretty sure it was Yennefer and Dandelion's insistence that kept him both there and mostly sober.

Zoltan glanced around the bar and grinned. Sitting near the back of a lower shelf was a bottle of Mahakaman mead he'd been saving. It was of good quality, perfect for an evening among friends. He grabbed the bottle and a platter of cheeses and meats and made his way across the room.

"Not going to enjoy the festivities?" asked Geralt, taking a swig of whatever it was Dandelion offered him earlier.

Priscilla pressed her lips together. "No," she answered, "I'm fine here. I'd rather just watched." She clasped her hand in her laps and watched the band play and her dear Dandelion charm everyone there.

"Geralt, Priscilla," whispered Zoltan. The two turned to him. Geralt didn't even pretend to be surprised to see while Priscilla raised an eyebrow at the sight of what he was holding. "What do you two say we disappear upstairs for a few rounds of cards? I can only take this 'high society' talk for so long." He gave Geralt a look, "You did remember to bring your deck, right?"

"When I knew I'd be seeing you?" asked Geralt, "Course. Besides, if I don't bring a distraction, Dandelion will take that as an open invitation to never leave me alone."

"Priscilla?" Zoltan asked, pointing the bottle at her.

She gave him a grin, "Let's."

"Well then, let's go before anyone sees us." Zoltan hurried up the stairs, the witcher and trobairitz not far behind. Priscilla passed him and opened the door to her's and Dandelion's room.

She picked up her deck from her desk and took a seat on the floor, her back leaning against the chest at the foot of the bed. Geralt and Zoltan joined, completing their small circle.

Zoltan poured them each a glass. “So Geralt, I’ve been telling Priscilla about our adventure in gwent card collecting.”

“More dangerous than I had been led to believe,” Geralt answered, taking his glass.

“You never did give me the full story about how you managed to get the John Natalis card. Why don’t Priscilla and I take the first couple rounds and you regale us with your quest?”

“Only if you’ll give me the story about how you got into trouble with the King of Beggars that collecting cards became a good idea,” responded Geralt.

“The King of Beggars, Zoltan?” grinned Priscilla. “What were you boys getting up to without me?”

“First of all,” Zoltan said, drawing his hand, “I would like to say that most of the trouble can be traced back to Dandelion and I was doing damage control.”

“Before or after you caused some damage of your own?” Priscilla put two cards back into a deck and redrew. She grinned.

“Remind me why I asked you two up here again?” grumbled Zoltan, playing Dwarven Skirmisher.

“Your choice was between us or staying down stairs and making polite conversation,” responded Geralt.

Zoltan thought for a moment. Priscilla played Dol Blathanna Archer. “Aye, this is better,” Zoltan said with a slight smile, playing Impenetrable Fog. “Weren’t you supposed to be telling us about the John Natalis card, Geralt, not interrogating me?”

Priscilla giggled and played Havekar Smuggler.

Geralt leaned back on his arm and got comfortable. “Fine. I followed your lead to the Golden Sturgeon, found the seller downstairs with a knife in his side...”

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“The thugs show up out front, trying to strong arm me, like the nitwits they are. I start telling them off, ready to fight if I must. I was saved from having to clean up the mess by Geralt scaring them off. They see a witcher walk up and the chutzpah in ‘em just evaporates. Ran off with their tails between their legs.” Zoltan downed the last of his drink and poured himself another.

“Dangerous game it is, gwent,” said Priscilla, her face flush.

“Aye, lass,” agreed Zoltan, passing the bottle to Geralt, “But it has it’s riches, in both coin and company.”

“Pass,” said Geralt.

Priscilla eyed their cards and groaned, “Pass, you win. How do you have so many hero cards? And every time I manage to get a pair of high point cards on the board, you go and play a Scorch card.”

“Traveling the continent has its perks,” he answered, picking up his cards.

Priscilla snorted, “You should stop monster hunting and start card hunting.”

“I tried that. Monster hunting is safer. Zoltan, another round?”

Zoltan glanced at the clock, “Actually, lad and lass, the night should be wrapping up down below. We might want to make a reappearance before too many realize we weren’t there to begin with.”

Geralt stretched his legs and stood up, “Probably for the best.” He offered his hand to Priscilla, who took it.

“I suppose you boys have a point,” she agreed. “Next time, let’s disappear up here sooner. This was fun.” She headed towards the door and gave a look back. “Thanks.”

“Anytime, lass, anytime,” said Zoltan with a fond look in his eyes. Geralt grinned and nodded.

As she left, the witcher and dwarf followed suit.

Geralt and Priscilla rejoined their partners while Zoltan went back to his spot by the bar. Zoltan couldn’t help notice that Priscilla seemed cheerier as she leaned on Dandelion with his arm around her. Perhaps these daft parties weren’t too terrible after.

End Notes

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